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near where they were employed, several must have perished; those who had abstained from spirits took a breakfast of strong, hot coffee, and with that meal only, completed a severe exertion of twenty-four hours, wet the whole time, and exposed to an intense degree of cold."

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

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### DARK SEMBLANCES.

[FROM THE IRISH OF EDMUND RYAN, COMMONLY CALLED EDMUND OF THE HILL.]

**D**ARK are the brumal days that have no sunshine: when the cheeks of the mourning heavens are swollen with grief, and icy tears fall noisy and cold on the withered bosom of shivering December. Gloomy are the congregating shadows of the dismal, terrific nights, when no moon-beam, no freezing star, nor Northern light, sheds a faint lustre on the sable, cloud-woven veil of desponding nature. Black the woe-clothing weeds of the disconsolate, death-created, solitary widow. Brown are the leafless woods of SYLVANA; and sombre the frowning brows of heath-clad DHUMORA, as the misty, evening wing of November clothes its dusky forehead in the night-dress of wintry sorrow.

Dark indeed are the brumal days that have no sun shine. Gloomy the shadowy nights that are unlighted with moon or star. Black the weeds of the new-made widow; brown the leafless woods of SYLVANA; and sombre the brows of DHUMORA, when shaded with the dusky, evening wing of November. But more *dark*, more *gloomy*, *black*, *sable*, and *sombre*, are the hopeless mind, and the heart that is lost to the comforts of peace, and the exhilarating smiles of domestic joy.

IL PENSEROSO.

*Pine-Valley.*

TO GREENFIELD;

WRITTEN IN THE SUMMER OF 1812.

INSCRIBED TO ELIZA.

**O**H, Greenfield! dear Greenfield! Once more I survey,  
Thy proud-rising front overlooking the vales;  
But ELIZA, thy loveliest grace is away,  
And the sad sense of grief over pleasure prevails.

She is far to the south: Ah! but why has she roved,  
From a spot so delightful, so sweetly retir'd?

She is gone, the sweet fair, with the youth whom she loved,  
And has left all those scenes which she fondly admired.

Still Greenfield, dear Greenfield! I love to behold

The place, where ELIZA first shone to my sight,

Like the DIAMOND of TRUTH set in PURITY'S gold:

Or the BRILLIANT of VIRTUE encircled in light.

Bless'd scenes of my love! still unchanged you appear,

But the charm of your beauties salutes not my view;

For the innocent pride of your vales is not here,

O'er those languishing landscapes new lustre to strew.

I gaze all around; yet how fruitless! to find,

That day-star of bliss, of the heaven-beaming eyes;

Ah! but soon recollection returns to my mind,

And the fond expectation dispirited dies!

Remembrance comes weeping, and shows ev'ry place,

Where we strayed on the spring-morn of light-hearted youth;

When I read in the smiles of her soul-speaking face,

The language of love, and the rhetoric of truth.

Yet why should I yield thus to mental distress,

Or encourage REGRET to usurp o'er the mind?